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No. 2 Water Street.

GLOOM STILL HANGS OVER.

Shocking Disaster Off Appledore The Only Topic Of Discussion.

No More Bodies Recovered But Untiring Search Is Being Kept Up.

Officer Hurley Sent For To Go Down In Diving Suit-- Nearly All The Bodies At Undertaker's Are Claimed.

By Cable to the Herald.

Isles of Shoals, July 18, 2 p. m.—The whaleboat has been located by the fishermen and shortly after noon the grappling irons pulled up the sails of the craft. No bodies have been recovered, but it is thought that some are entangled in the boat. The boat is in about sixty feet of water. Diver Hurley of Portsmouth has been sent for and will come out on the night boat.

He will probably not attempt the search for bodies today, but will be on the scene bright and early in the morning.

The terrible disaster at the Isles of Shoals on Thursday afternoon has been the only topic discussed in Portsmouth today. The community has hardly begun to recover from the shock. No more bodies have been recovered, but an untiring search is being kept up. The whaleboat, grim relic of the awful affair, has been found. Of the nine bodies brought to this city on the Merryconeg, all but one have been claimed by relatives or close friends and provision made for their shipment today or tomorrow. It has been a trying day for Undertaker Nickerson and his assistants. His rooms on Daniel street have been sought by many tearful ones, and the morgue has been the scene of the most touching reunions between the living and the dead. Quite a throng of people have haunted the vicinity of the establishment since morning, but they have regarded the comings and goings of the sorrowing visitors only with sympathizing glances.

Waiting at the Wharf.

The scene at Appledore wharf this morning at 10:30 when the steamer Merryconeg came in was a particularly sad one. Mrs. Miles, the wife of Skipper Fred Miles, and several of her grown-up daughters were present awaiting the arrival of the husband and father. A brother of Laura Gilmore stood impatiently on the cap of the wharf awaiting the arrival of his sister, Hattie, who did not accompany Laura on the boating trip. Three stalwart Adams boys were present to comfort the heartbroken sister, Ella, and extend a warm hand clasp to the brave brother, Oliver, who recovered two of the bodies, one of whom proved to be that of his sister, Ena.

As the gang plank was run out, the mail messenger raced ashore and then the crew of the boat assisted to the wharf the little gathering of bereaved ones.

First came Ella Adams, supported by her brother and a female friend. Her brothers tenderly placed her in a carriage and said to the driver, "Home."

The weather-beaten visage of Skipper Fred Miles was next seen. His tall form was bent with sorrow, as he slowly walked the plank and placed an arm around the waist of a weeping daughter, who rushed up to him. "Don't cry, dear," said he in a husky voice. Then his wife and several other daughters clustered around him and bore him away.

Hattie Gilmore, weeping hysterical-

ly and clasped in the arms of Alice Haggerty, was led ashore. Her brother hurried her to a hack in waiting and her convulsive sobbing caused a suspicious moisture to appear in the eyes of many.

Skipper Miles' Statement.

Skipper Fred Miles came in from the Shoals this morning, and immediately went to his home at No. 2 Hunking street, where he was seen by a Herald reporter.

His attention was called to the statement that the boat which carried out the ill-fated party on Thursday afternoon was overloaded, and in no condition to meet a squall. Skipper Miles stated that such was not the case. "A whale boat of that size," said he, "has carried forty people and could not be overloaded with only seventeen."

"I cannot feel that I am in any way to blame for the accident," he continued, "and it was no fault of the boat. She had been put in first class order this spring and was thoroughly tight and seaworthy. The carpenters who did the work on the boat said that she was capable of carrying almost any number of people."

"When we went out from the Oceanic wharf the weather was thick and threatening, but there was nothing to indicate a squall. In fact, I told the young ladies of the party that while there might be a little rain, I did not think there would be any heavy winds for several hours. There was a brisk breeze all the afternoon but I really did not think there was any danger."

"The squall, which brought with it both wind and rain, took me entirely by surprise. I tried to reef the sail when I saw it coming but I did not have time. The boat fell dead when the flurry struck us, and then turned bottom up like a flash. No man ever could have prevented the accident. It was unavoidable."

"In all my experience, and I have had a long one, I have never known a catastrophe so terrible. It has completely unnerved me. I almost wish that I had been drowned myself so that I could not remember it. I have neither eaten nor slept since the accident occurred and I do not know when I shall be able to do either."

Skipper Miles is almost prostrated. The horror of the affair seems to have overcome him. His eyes are red and swollen, evidently from weeping, and his general appearance is eloquent of grief and despair.

This was the first authentic interview which any reporter had secured from Skipper Miles, although one or two other papers this morning printed what purported to be statements made by him. He was quite too badly used up on Thursday night to talk for publication.

Oliver Adams' Story.

Oliver Adams, brother of the two Adams girls, who were both lost, is a well known Portsmouth boy and has passed many years of his life at the Shoals in the employ of the Messrs. Laighton. He was at work on Star Island when the accident occurred. His story is best told in his own words.

"I jumped into a dory and pulled as quickly as possible to the scene. It was a tough row against the wind and when I got there, four bodies had already been taken ashore. I saw five other bodies floating on the surface. I succeeded in getting two of the forms into my boat and pulled quickly to the shore. I took them out of the boat, placed them on the rocks and then commenced the work of resuscitation. I had labored on them for fully half an hour when I recognized one of them as my sister Ena. This discovery robbed me of my strength for a minute or two, but I was at it again and did not desist until the physicians told me that my efforts were in vain."

The Boat Located.

At daylight this morning a small fleet of dories manned by fishermen were on the scene of the disaster of the day before, equipped with grappling irons and other paraphernalia used in the recovery of bodies from the water. Although the sea sweeps by the point with considerable force, it was thought that perhaps some of the missing bodies were entangled in the boat. As the Merryconeg came in by the point at 9:30 o'clock, word was shouted to Captain Stanley that the whaleboat had been located and would probably be raised to the surface before night.

"It Was Terrible."

Hardened as he is to such scenes, even Dr. Shapleigh was affected. "It was terrible," he said, "terrible. There were all those young women in the full bloom of health, enjoying their work and having a vacation, suddenly thrust right out of the lives of their relatives and friends. My duty was simple and it was quickly performed. There was nothing to do but declare death due to accidental drowning. I hope and pray that my position will never again call me to such a terrible event."

Had Fine Educations.

All of the employees of the Oceanic were popular with the guests. They were not table girls as one might understand the word; most of them had fine educations. The head waiter a pleasant, gentlemanly chap, bright and courteous, was adding to his education fund. He was a student in the Harvard Law school. Charles Ramsdell, manager of the hotel, could hardly credit the report that first reached him. "I can't believe it," he said, "it is too awful." He hurried over to Appledore and assisted in the identification of the bodies. The tears came to his eyes.

Sank Very Rapidly.

At the place where the accident occurred there is a depth of 60 feet of water and as the boat was heavily ballasted she sank very rapidly after the first water came over her side. Miles acted promptly and let go the sail as soon as the boat was struck, but to no avail.

Had Warning.

Previous to the party's leaving the wharf they were warned that it was rather rough for such a big crowd, although, while the boat was crowded, it was not as much so as during Unitarian week, when twenty-five people were carried from island to island in this same boat.

Evidence of Skill.

This is the first drowning accident at the Isles of Shoals in over ten years, and the quickness with which the bodies were recovered gives evidence of the skill of the fishermen who man the boats about the islands.

Striking Fact.

A striking fact in connection with the loss of life is that in the number were the two Adams sisters of Portsmouth, the two Marshall sisters of Haverhill and the Bowes sisters of Saxonville.

Farewell Salute.

Purser Allen of the steamer Merryconeg, speaking of the disaster, said: "The party was on the wharf ready to start when our boat left Star Island. Everyone was in the best of spirits and as we left the wharf our captain gave them a salute with the whistle, little realizing that it was a farewell salute to the greater number of the party."

Sobbed Over Sisters.

Every heart went out to Miss Ella Adams, housekeeper of the Oceanic hotel. The report reached her at five o'clock. When she realized that it was

really true, she became nearly crazed with grief. It was a sight that was so filled with pathos that none could witness it without bringing tears to the eyes. She threw herself beside the bodies of her sisters and sobbed out her grief. It was with difficulty that she was led away.

A Sad Errand.

J. E. Conley of Malden, Mass., came to this city this morning to claim the body of Bessie Chase, having been misled by a report in one of the Boston papers, stating that the body of Miss Chase had been recovered. He was told at the undertaking rooms that the report was incorrect, and came into the Herald office to verify the statement. When convinced that the body was still lying at the bottom of the ocean Mr. Conley completely broke down.

He said that he was a close friend of the family and added that Miss Chase's mother was frantic. The unfortunate young lady was a school teacher in Malden. Her father, who is dead, was for many years a sea captain, running to the South African coast.

Bodies Claimed.

The bodies of the following victims of the disaster have been claimed: Bertha Graham, by her brother, to be sent to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Laura Gilmore, by her brother, to be sent to Exeter.

The Misses Bowes, by Miss Florence Doherty, to be taken to Saxonville, Mass.

The body of Anna Sheehan has been ordered shipped to Medford, Mass., and that of Minnie McDonald to Bangor, Me.

The Misses Adams have turned over to their relatives in this city.

Worked at Kearsarge.

Nellie Collins, one of the two waitresses who came to Appledore Island from the Oceanic house on Thursday evening to identify the bodies of the recovered, formerly worked at the Kearsarge house in this city as waitress. Miss Collins was to have been one of the ill-fated party but the boat left before she could get ready.

Double Funeral Sunday.

The funeral of Ena and Hay Adams will be held Sunday afternoon from the Adams homestead at 65 Marcy street. Besides the two dead girls the family consists of Emma, wife of Riezen Ridge; Ella, housekeeper at the Oceanic; Alice, clerk in H. C. Hopkins' store, and four brothers, George, Rufus Oliver and Joseph.

Well Known Here.

The Gilmore sisters one of whom, Laura, was drowned, were well known here, particularly among the young people. They were both lively, vivacious girls and made friends wherever they went. They were generally to be found in each other's company, but on this occasion Hattie did not go on the boating trip. The body of Laura will be shipped to Exeter this afternoon.

It Is Ziolaouska.

The name of the young lady who was drowned in the Shoals catastrophe Thursday afternoon, given as Isabel Kaouska, should be Ziolaouska. This was learned by a Herald reporter through Miss Florence Doherty, the young lady who claimed the bodies of the Misses Bowes.

INSTALLATION.

At the regular meeting of Portsmouth council, No. 8, O. U. A. M., the newly elected officers for the ensuing term were installed by State Deputy William C. Walton, assisted by Past State Councilor Knowles.

The names of the officers follow: Councilor, C. W. Hanson. Vice-Councilor, John Hooper. Senior Ex-Councilor, W. P. Gardner.

Junior Ex-Councilor, Charles Allen. Recording Secretary, Frank Pike. Financial Secretary, Frank Langley. Treasurer, Joseph W. Marden. Conductor, Chester E. Odiorne. Examiner, George Kimball. Inside Protector, Arthur Jenness. Outside Protector, George Kay. Trustee for eighteen months, W. P. Gardner.

The local council entertained four guests from Governor Ware council No. 12, of Seabrook.

EXCURSION POSTPONED.

The excursion to the Shoals which the P. K. & Y. had arranged to run this evening has been postponed until further notice.

Heftiness of the skin, horrible plague. Most everybody afflicted in one way or another. Only one safe, never failing cure. Don't's Ointment. At any drug store, 50 cents.

AN OLD-TIME HORROR.

Boating Disaster in the Harbor Seventy-seven Years Ago.

The terrible accident at the Isles of Shoals on Thursday afternoon, by which fourteen persons lost their lives, recalls vividly to the memories of our very oldest residents a very similar boating disaster which occurred at the entrance to the harbor more than three-quarters of a century ago, by which seven lives were lost, and which, until the accident of Thursday, was the cause of more deaths than any other boating accident ever known in this vicinity.

This old-time horror is given a paragraph in Adams' "Annals of Portsmouth," and in an old copy of the "Portsmouth Weekly Magazine," of date June 30, 1825, we find the particulars given.

The party on whom the disaster fell had been at the Shoals for the day, by invitation of Edwin Baxter Steevens, principal of the Lancasterian school, going out in the pilot boat of John Veazey, an experienced pilot; and it was on the return trip, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, that the boat was capsized by a sudden flaw of wind while tacking at the mouth of the harbor, and sank almost instantly, all on board being drowned. An Elliot fisherman, named Whitem, who was not far away when the accident happened, made all possible haste to reach the spot, but was unable to render any aid. None of the bodies were ever recovered, nor was any wreckage from the sunken pilot boat ever seen.

Those who perished, besides Mr. Steevens, were: John Veazey, an experienced pilot and boat sailer, master of the boat; Horace B. Morse, instructor in the Latin school at the academy; Samuel Gardner, merchant, previously an editor of the New Hampshire Gazette; George Cushman, eleven years old, and John S. Cushman, twelve years old, sons of Samuel Cushman, a prominent and wealthy lawyer; and a boy named Moses Long, who was assistant to Capt. Veazey in managing the boat.

Owing to the prominence of several of the victims of this disaster in the literary and social life of the town, and the wide personal acquaintance of all, the sad affair shadowed the entire town with gloom, and it was many months before it passed gradually away. One still living, whose memory of all this is yet keen, is the honored ex-city treasurer, Mr. Samuel P. Treadwell, whose brother was at that time a pupil in the Lancasterian school, and was one of the favored pupils invited by Mr. Steevens to participate in the fatal outing. Young Treadwell was on the wharf shortly before the boat sailed, but went home to get his coat, and when he reached the wharf again the boat and her doomed party had gone.

It was on Wednesday, June 22, 1825, that Capt. Veazey's boat and her party made their last trip.

OBITUARY.

Abby A. Hodgdon.

Miss Abby A. Hodgdon, an estimable lady, died at her home on Main street in Exeter, Wednesday evening, on her fifty-third birthday. She had been sick for two years with consumption. Miss Hodgdon was born in Portsmouth, July 16, 1849, the daughter of the late Calvin S. and Lucy M. (Wiggin) Hodgdon. The father moved to Exeter soon after with the result that she had spent nearly all of her days there. Miss Hodgdon was the last of her family, as she outlived a brother and sister. She was a member of Phillips church in Exeter. Funeral services will be held at the residence Saturday afternoon at two o'clock.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

FOR SALE—Carriage, Jobbing and Horse Shoeing Business. A rare chance for a young man to continue. Established about 53 years. Terms liberal. I am not able to continue in it. Apply to G. J. Greenleaf, back of Post Office, jef, cabt

CARRIAGE PAINTING done in a prompt and workmanlike manner by F. A. Ford, No. 18 Vaughan street. The best of skilled labor at the lowest possible price. jef,tf

LUNCH CART—Drop in at Dunbar's Niche Lunch and get a good cup of hot coffee. Hot and cold lunch. jef,tf

INSURANCE—Strong companies and low rates. When placing your insurance remember the old firm, Halsey & George. jef,tf

TIME. Yes, time is money. Have your watch repaired by Fred Stacy, optical watch inspector, B. & M. B. R. jef,tf

CARRIAGE TIRES. Rubber carriage tires at Hanson and Weaver's, 10 Porter street. jef,tf

GROCERIES—You can buy groceries, all kinds of meat, provision and vegetables at W. H. Smith's as cheap as at any place in the city. jef,caht

WANTED 5 YOUNG MEN from Rockingham County at once to prepare for Positions in the Government Service. Apply to Inter State Correspondence, Cedar Rapids Ia. jef,am

FOR SALE—A fine Upright Fisher Piano; and a fine upright piano, both very fine. In perfect order; full guarantee; reasonable price. C. D. Light, Hancock, 9 Congress St. jef,caht

FOR SALE—1 Wieg Chair; 1 Marlowe Washington Chair; both very old. F. A. Robb, the Upholsterer, 40 Kingston St. jef,caht

Old John The Carrier

By SCOTT CHALMERS

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Rugby stared out into the drizzling twilight. The outlook was no less gloomy than his feelings.

"If it had been any man on the force, but old John Compton, I wouldn't take the thing to heart. But to think of old John being arrested, prosecuted, imprisoned! By heavens, I feel as if it were one of my own flesh and blood."

The young inspector dug the toe of his boot viciously into the thick rug. His elder companion and fellow worker tapped the table nervously.

"The evidence is overwhelming, and yet—well, I suppose we'll have to call him in."

Rugby silently picked up his hat and left the room. The chief leaned back in the great revolving chair and reviewed the case.

John Compton was a widower, residing with his unmarried daughter, and had been a mail carrier for over twenty



"I AM AS INNOCENT AS EITHER OF YOU."

ty years. The managers of the Nelson department store, which lay on John's route, claimed that their mail had been systematically robbed of money orders and cash sent loose in letters. Before lodging any complaint they had conducted a small detective campaign of their own. Twenty letters containing money had been sent to as many places to be forwarded to the concern. Only fifteen came to light. It could not be argued that the missing five had been lost in the mails. The Nelson people pointed the finger of suspicion at old John.

John had gained white hair and hon or in the postal service. During the first ten years of his work there was not a single time against him. In the second term there was just one—he had been marked "late" because of the illness of his daughter.

Rugby was detailed on the case and prepared ten decoy letters inclosing marked money. He took them to various points within a few miles of the city and had them directed by strange hands. He saw them arrive in the old man's pouch, saw him start out with them. Then he followed the old carrier with a feeling almost self congratulatory.

After covering half of his route Compton stopped for ten minutes at his own home, which was in a flat house. He came out whistling and went on his way. Rugby was seated in a dim nook of the Nelson office when Compton reached the little window and handed over the mail. Instantly he counted the decoy letters. Only six of the ten had been delivered.

These were the facts that Inspector Smith was reviewing as he sat in the dull twilight. When Rugby and Compton entered Smith's office there was a look of wonder in the old man's eyes, but no trace of guilt or anxiety. When told of the charge, he smiled almost childishly. When ordered to empty his pockets, he complied without the least hesitation, yet of the \$12 he had on the table no less than \$10 was in the marked money. When this was pointed out to him, his countenance smiled vanished, and he turned pale as he said:

"Why, I got this money only two hours ago. I gave a ten dollar bill in exchange."

"Then of course you can name the party and clear yourself," said Smith kindly.

"Of course I can. It was—"

There he stopped. A quiet face came over his face. His lips quivered like those of a trusting child who had unexpectedly received a blow from the hand it loved. Suddenly he dropped his self up and looked from Smith to Rugby.

"Do either of you gentlemen believe that I have turned thief in my old age?"

"We don't want to believe it," was the reply, "but letters have been stolen, and you have the money that was inclosed in them."

"And yet I am as innocent as either of you."

"I hope so. Where did you change the money?"

"I cannot say," he replied, with tightly compressed lips.

"Do you know who took those letters?"

A spasm of pain crossed the old man's face, but he quickly recovered.

"I do not know."

Smith and Rugby looked at each other helplessly. Finally Smith spoke.

"You know, of course, Mr. Compton, the gravity of this offense and the penalty?"

Compton shivered slightly. His voice was firm, but so low that the two inspectors could hardly catch the words.

"I know the penalty, yes—prison. It's useless to have any trial. I will plead guilty. The loss runs there's over it the easier it will be for—others."

His voice broke on the last word. The inspectors instantly suspected that he was shielding the real culprit. Smith acted quickly. He laid his hand cordially on Compton's shoulder.

"See here, Compton; we can't believe this of you. It's our duty to place you under immediate arrest, but we're going to give you another chance. We're going to investigate further, and we ask only your word that you won't jump the town."

The old man seemed terror stricken. He avowed his guilt in piteous tones and begged to be arrested, but Smith and Rugby were firm and sent him from their presence a tottering, sobbing man.

For the next few days, while John went over his route like one in a dream, Rugby investigated the life of the old carrier's daughter. He quickly discovered that she dressed far above her station and income and indulged in several expensive vices. Marked bills were traced directly to her, and when taxed by Rugby she broke down and confessed. Every morning when her father stepped into the kitchen for the cup of coffee which seemed to strengthen him during the remainder of his route she had rifled the mail bag as it hung on the entry rack. Rugby and his chief realized that the disgrace of the daughter would be as fatal to the old man as his own arrest, and for once they failed in their official duty. They forced the woman to sell her jewels, which were one of the passions of her life. With the proceeds they made good the losses of the Nelson company.

She had been recklessly mad for money, and had neither thought nor cared for the gray haired man who fairly worshiped her and was willing to go to prison for her sake. But now she seemed to dread the sight of his white hair, the loving gaze in his eyes. She finally went to Denver, ostensibly to visit friends. She never came back. Old John, who had been simply told that the real culprit had been discovered, lived on the letters he received from Denver. If he realized that the inspectors knew the truth, he never gave any evidence of the fact. He died before the daughter, who had plunged into reckless dissipation in the far west and had sunk too low to write the longed for letter, and he never knew that strange hands, the hands of men who worked with him and loved him, would at last lay him to rest and rear the shaft above his lonely grave.

Chinese Can Sleep.

Generally speaking, the Chinaman is able to sleep anywhere. None of the trifling disturbances which drive us to despair annoy him. With a brick for a pillow he can be down on his bed of stalks or mud bricks or rattan and sleep the sleep of the just, with no reference to the rest of creation. He does not want his room darkened, nor does he require others to be still. The "infant crying in the night" may continue to cry for all he cares, for it does not disturb him.

In some regions the entire population seem to fall asleep as by a common instinct, like that of the hibernating bear, during the first two hours of summer afternoons, and they do this with regularity, no matter where they may be. At two hours after noon the universe at such seasons is as still as at two hours after midnight. In the case of most working people at least and also in that of many others position in sleep is of no sort of consequence.

In would be easy to raise in China an army of a million men—say, of 10,000, 000—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows, with head downward, like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside.—"Chinese Characteristics."

The Grace of Abhorrence.

The duty of abhorring evil is one that is general in its nature. It admits of no exception of favored races. We are very liable to excuse the sins which we "are inclined to" while roundly condemning those we "have no mind to."

It is one of the weaknesses of poor human nature that if a sin is agreeable to us we discover or invent excuses for it. It is not so bad as some other sins; indeed, in our case, it is not certain that it is a sin at all. We have a certain right to do what we would blame others for doing or we even say to ourselves that it is merely conventional wrong, but it is in fact no real wrong. Whatever is wrong without exception in our own favor we ought to cultivate the grace of abhorring it, for we may be certain that if we allow ourselves an easy sentiment of allowance for any sin we have taken down the bars to its commission and one sin being made easy opens the way to another and another until the conscience is reared as with a hot iron. Pittsburgh Press.

She'd Been There Before.

Gerald I am afraid I shall forget some parts of the marriage service.

Gertrude I am not. I shall be with you.—New York Press.

AT BRISTOW STATION

BY SCOTT CHALMERS

Copyright by T. C. McClure

Bristow Station was in the Panhandle section of Texas, and a more lonely and desolate place it would be hard to find. There was but one building, which served for freighthouse, passenger depot and ticket and telegraph office. Bert Brown, the K. and M. agent, had to do all the business and cook his own meals over an oil stove. There were four trains daily over the road; but, unless flagged, the two passenger trains went through Bristow at a fifty mile clip. To the west of the station was a long siding with cattle pens, then a straight track for thirty miles over the prairie.

Bert could always count on a visit from three or four tramps a day, and, though the instructions from the division superintendent were to "discourage" them, he took his own course in the matter. To "discourage" them meant to threaten them with pains and penalties and refuse them even a drink of water. To Bert it looked too much like childish spite, and though he may have done some growling now and then, he always had a bite to eat and a bit of tobacco for the "tourist" whose language was respectful. As a matter of fact, there were times when he could sit down with one of them for an hour and be interested in the tramp's adventures by flood and field.

If Bert did not obey his instructions to the letter, the section boss on that section did. He was a burly fellow, regarded by his employers as a bully and a coward. Knowing that he had the law on his side, he fairly went hunting for tramps. If one was found track walking, he received such a thrumping that he could hardly crawl off to a highway, and no freight train with a hobo on the bumpers could pass the boss that his sharp eyes would not detect the culprit.

Perhaps it was this man's fierce enmity toward tramps that softened Bert's heart.

Agent and boss had never had a word on the subject, however, until one summer afternoon he happened along with his car and his gang just as a tramp had reached the station and was resting in the shade. Bert had not seen the fellow as yet when he heard a row outside. The section boss had spied the hobo and stopped to give him a drubbing. The tramp was a man about thirty, and it needed

It was in the dry season, when no rain was expected, the temporary tracks might be swept away. After fifteen minutes of doubt and worry he telegraphed Clairville that he was going to the creek and at once set out on a run. He had scarcely started when a gale sprang up in his very teeth, and within ten minutes it was all he could do to make way against it at a walk. Darkness fell before he reached Clairville. The bridge was gone!

The first train due was a freight at 9 o'clock. This train would sidetrack at Bristow for the express bound east. He had brought a red lantern, and this he managed to secure to a pole suspended over the track. That would stop the freight, and he would get back to the station in time to flag the express.

The wind was howling along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and a dozen different times in returning over that mile of track Bert was blown flat or clear off the track into the ditch. Even with the gale at his back it took him as long to go as it had to come, and he was thoroughly played out when he reached the station. Even before he mounted the platform he heard the instrument calling him and realized that something was up.

A surprise awaited him as he opened the door. Sitting at the table, with his head on his arms and apparently asleep, was the tramp of the afternoon. The instrument was calling "B. B." as if lives depended on an instant answer, and Bert had to reach over the sleeping man's shoulder to reply. In a minute came this message from Clairville:

"What the dickens is the matter with you? Are there any more empties on the way?"

"What do you mean?" Bert asked.

"I mean that I have ditched the seven cattle cars and want to know if any others got away."

It took some time to make matters plain. Several times Bert shook the sleeper and called to him to vacate the chair, but he did not move. The 4 o'clock freight had brought down sixteen cattle cars and after backing them in on the siding had pulled out and left the switch wide open. The section gang had passed the spot without noticing the switch, and when the gale came up seven of the cars had been blown out on the main track and started down the road at thirty miles an hour. The other nine would have followed had not one of them jumped the track and held the rest. Clairville had received word of the runaways and ditched them to prevent a smash-up with the express.

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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1902.

SNAP-SHOTS.

Each man to his element. Crowinshield's cruise has landed the Illinois.
Gov. Taft has discovered that at least one trail leads away from Rome, and he is about to hit it.

If an old superstition in regard to people talked about being true, Gates and his fellow corn cornerers must have roasting ears.

Poor Binghampton! A Mormon convention there has afforded the press of the country the latest excuse to spell the name of the town with a "p."

The avenger of a down-trodden race has appeared in the person of the Indiana umpire who enforced his ruling with a bullet. It is a long worm that has no turning.

When the enterprising burglar is a-burgling in Brooklyn he is entirely too exuberant with his "gun." Two murders in two weeks is a record that must not go unpunished.

The Venezuelans have now been arresting some American business men. Their offense? They asked, but it is possible that the Commander Gilmore can say "Yippee!" too. It will now be the turn of the Venezuelans to say "Kill 'em!"

San Francisco papers are printing editorials about the "disgraceful water front" of that city. If San Francisco's water front is disgraceful, she is not altogether alone. The character of the water front is common to American cities that have water fronts at all. Jersey City, for instance, can deeply sympathize with San Francisco—and so can a part of New York, at least.

THE HORSE HAS NERVES.

It Treatment Does Not Always Accord With This Fact.

"The horse, the most useful of all animals," said a Portsmouth horseman recently, "is the one marked for the most of men's ill treatment. For the most part housed in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated and ill-smelling quarters, worked to his full capacity, cared for only to the degree that selfish interest prompts, the animal is delivered over as the unprotected object of the untrained passions of man. The average man falls apparently to understand that animals have a nervous system, among them in a marked degree, the horse, and that were he to govern his own temper he could with a little patience get control of the horse's nervous system and make out of it a servant vastly more efficient than he is under the system in which he beats and jerks and drives it to distraction.

A short walk in any city will discover many blind horses. Why? There are no blind cows, comparatively. And yet the sight of the one naturally is as good as that of the other. The difference is simply that the horse from the beginning has been worked under conditions that have driven him blind. His eyes are shut in blinders at each side, for which there is no use to satisfy the caprice or fashion of man. So his vision interfered with, and deprived of air, the wonder is that with the other treatment it gets it is not blind often. Besides this in other cases it neck is almost pulled out of joint by overhead check-reins that raise its face to the air and turn its eyeballs to the glare of the sun unprotected. Or, on the other hand, deprived of check-rein, it is bitten with a curb that pulls its jaw to its breast and tortures it in this fashion. And then, according to the spreading fashion of the day, it is subjected to that most cruel of all practices, docking, which not merely tortures in the practice, but leaves to the torment of flies for the rest of its life. If it is the merciful man that is merciful to his beast, and if it is the merciful that obtain mercy, we have, as a people, some way to come before we get that blessing."

KNOW AN AMERICAN.

Paris Policeman Had No Difficulty in Picking The Nationality.

The appended clipping, is significant: "Here, you little American girl, you pick up every piece of that paper!" was the command, which a little visitor to Paris was surprised to receive from a policeman on the street. The child, who was with her mother, had torn a piece of paper into fragments and thrown them on the pavement.

The embarrassed mother was obliged to stand by and see her little daughter, who had probably never before been asked to wait on herself, pick up every bit of the offending litter, while the officer watched the process as grimly as if guarding a housebreaker.

It is hoped this reproach was not cast upon a Portsmouth girl. Waste paper has been abundant about our streets lately, particularly paper bags.

BASEBALL.

The following is the result of the baseball games played yesterday:

National League.
Pittsburg 6, Boston 2; at Pittsburg. St. Louis 10, Philadelphia 6; at St. Louis.
Cincinnati 3, New York 6; at Cincinnati.

American League.
Boston 2, Cleveland 3, five innings game stopped on account of rain; at Boston.
Philadelphia 7, Chicago 4; at Philadelphia.
Washington 9, Detroit 2; at Washington.
The game scheduled at Baltimore between Baltimore and St. Louis was forfeited to St. Louis.

New England League.

Fall River 8, Haverhill 12; at Fall River.
Lowell 9, Concord 4; at Lowell.
Nashua 6, Manchester 4; first game, Nashua 6, Manchester 5; second game, at Nashua.
Dover 9, Lawrence 6; first game forfeited, Dover 1, Lawrence 6, second game; at Dover.

HIS WINE CELLAR PLUNDERED.

Thirteen Thieves Broke Into W. J. Mendum House In Winchester, During The Owner's Absence At Rye Beach.

While William J. Mendum, of Winchester, was absent for the summer at Rye beach, N. H., thirteen broke into his house on the corner of Fletcher and Wildwood streets, by forcing windows in the rear. Their evident purpose was not so much the acquisition of "plunder" as the satisfaction of their thirst for the wine cellar. The thieves broke through the cellar door, and when all of the whiskey, rum and other hard drinks were gone, champagne and wine being left untouched, the break was discovered. Mr. Mendum was summoned from his summer home and two young men were arrested yesterday, charged with breaking and entering.

Their names are James St. Onge and Alexander McKenzie, Jr., of whom the former works for the man who takes care of Mr. Mendum's place. They were arraigned in the Western Court this morning, and their cases continued until Saturday.

ON THE DIAMOND.

Bert Weeden played at first for the Dover team on Thursday.

All the American league clubs have been making money except Baltimore.

Jake Volz, the Manchester pitcher, will probably be in one of the big leagues next year.

The Boston Americans have dropped to third place. The Cleveland team has advanced from last place to sixth.

The local game on Saturday between the Maplewoods and North Berwick was undoubtedly the best of the season up to date.

Pitcher McGinnity, Catcher Bresnahan, and several other players of the Baltimore American league club, have deserted and gone to New York.

President Johnson of the American league says that the sale of the Baltimore club to Andrew Freedman will not disarrange the American league schedule in the least.

The game on Tuesday forfeited to Dover by Fall River, has been thrown out by Secretary Morse of the New England league. Fall River did not receive proper notification of the proposed double header.

Some money is likely to exchange hands on the contest between the tubs True W. Priest and Franklin Polce.

TAKE RIGHT STEP.

Every ordinary cold is deserving of serious attention.

A step in one direction carries the system from an ordinary cold on into grippe, pneumonia, or consumption. A step in another direction carries the system back into good health.

Nature and Scott's Emulsion work hand in hand in their effort to make your system take the right step. Nature is working all the time. Scott's Emulsion can't work unless you take it. Scott's Emulsion then makes nature work harder than ever.

If you have only a cold and wish to ensure a favorable outcome, take Scott's Emulsion.

Send for Free Sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 429 Pearl St., N. Y.

The Herald's Daily Puzzle.



FIND THE LADY'S SUITOR.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Two small schooners have arrived with mail.

J. J. Tilton has completed his duties in the cooper shop.

Two moulders have been required in the department of steam engineering.

The Yankton was not docked on Saturday, but is expected to be put in today.

A large box for mortar is being built by a contracting firm near the mast house.

A street sprinkling cart is to be added to the yards and docks department equipment.

The laborers' crews of the different departments are having all the work they can jump at.

The large new boilers recently put in at the yards and docks light plant are almost ready for a test.

The contractors of the new stone dry dock at the Boston navy yard are certainly having troubles of their own.

Several of the men employed by contractors are having a short layoff on account of the non-arrival of material to be used.

The siren whistle tested a short time ago on the U. S. S. Detroit, beats anything in the way of noise that can be made by steam.

The article in a local paper about a board of naval officers going to examine the clerks on the navy yard was a pure "fake."

The crew of the U. S. S. Vixen claim they can do up the "shaft alley ping-pong club" of the Yankton, at this fashionable game.

The old wooden machine shop, which still contains some costly machinery, is receiving a coat of paint. A few shingles would also be in order.

Lieut. McNamee is proving a hustler in his department and a popular man among the officials and workmen. Although new to this station he handles his place like a veteran.

Harry McKenney, engineer at the electric light plant, has been passing several days in Boston, during which he visited the several departments at the Charlestown navy yard, meeting many of the Portsmouth young men employed there.

Any one who has not visited the new stone dock for a month or so cannot imagine the rapid progress being made by the men at work in the basin. Almost as fast as the stone is taken out and a smooth surface made, the men with the granite are right behind and the workers on the side walls are not slow. A short time ago three boilers and engines were all that were in the basin to handle the heavy granite, but now as the work is being pushed it takes five of these two being added lately. More steam drills have also been put in.

BALL'S UNLUCKY DAY.

The following from the Fall River Globe indicates that Harry Ball, the Somersworth boy with the Fall River team, is an exponent of the strenuous life in baseball:

The seventh inning belonged almost exclusively to Harry Ball, and after the rough ride exercise he had it is a surprise that he is still on deck. With one out, Ball, after a long run in, dropped Pulster's fly. Then Carney singled. He smashed a ball against the left field fence on a line that Harry went after, but he tripped over a log and hit the fence with his head. Then Noblit smashed the ball against the left field fence along by the advertising sign, and Ball went after it so hard that he forgot the fence was there and slammed into it face on at top speed. He rebounded from the fence and rolled over on the ground. He got up rather dazed, but found the ball in hand and Noblit at third base. Higbe reached first when Noblit was caught off third, and then Carney hit a short fly over shortstop. Ball came in on the dead run and caught the sphere a few inches above the ground. His nose ploughed up the ground for several feet, but though he rolled over several times he had the ball safely in his mitt, and the side was retired amid great applause.

PROBATE COURT.

The following business was transacted in the probate court of Rockingham county during the week of July 17:

Administration granted in estates of Caroline E. Huse, Lawrence, Mass.; Percy Parker, administrator; Sarah

A. Williams, Hampton, J. Freeman Williams, administrator; Jeremiah Roby, North Hampton, Clifford S. Drake, administrator with will annexed; Elbridge F. Tilton, Raymond, Gideon Currier, administrator; Mercy S. Clark, Candia, Robert Clark, administrator.

Wills proved—Of Ruth L. Kelly, Salem, Granville L. Kelly, executrix; Hannah L. Merrill, Northwood, Aaron C. Merrill, executor; Winfield S. Knowlton, executrix.

Inventory returned—In estates of Samuel Campbell, Derry; Sarah M. Sanborn, Portsmouth; John Bachelier, Portsmouth; Elizabeth A. Chase, Brentwood; Abram Dow, Seabrook. Account rendered—In estates of Rufus N. Chase, Exeter; Nathan Pulsifer, Deerfield; Dolly H. Robie, Candia; Daniel N. Lane, Raymond; Seth F. Lane, Raymond; Rowena M. DeMerritte, Raymond; Daniel Luce, Candia; Hezekiah Corbin, Deerfield.

Account filed—in estates of Ann E. Downes, Rye; Sarah M. Sanborn, Portsmouth; Louis Levesque, Epping. Condition waived of dower and homestead—in estate of Dana C. Healey, Raymond.

Receipts filed—in estates of Nathan Pulsifer, Deerfield; Dolly H. Robie, Candia.

Resignation of guardian—in estate of Sewall T. Tilton et als, Raymond.

Agent appointed—James G. Houston, Dover, in estate of Lurandus Beach, Lawrence, Mass.; Anna S. Cushing in estate of Jacob Sheafe, Portsmouth.

Appraisers appointed—in estate of Thomas Clements, Portsmouth.

Petition for distribution to heirs granted—in estate of Nathan Pulsifer, Deerfield.

Commissioner's report accepted—in estate of Nathan Pulsifer, Deerfield.

Commissioner's notice filed—in estate of Calvin T. Garland, North Hampton.

Guardian appointed—Stella F. Emerson over Martha S. Emerson, Carl E. Emerson, Jesse A. Emerson, James L. Emerson, Chester H. Emerson and Clara A. Emerson, all of Windham; Asa C. Tilton over Sarah O. Tilton and Sewell F. Tilton of Raymond.

License granted—To sell real property in estate of Benjamin F. Rowe, Kingston.

License real returned—in estates of Nathan Pulsifer, Deerfield; Dolly H. Robie, Candia.

Allowance to widow—in estate of John S. Kelly, Sandown.

Petition for partition granted—in estate of Daniel W. Hall et als, Boston, Mass.

CITY BRIEFS.

"I suffered for months from sore throat. Electric Oil cured me in twenty-four hours." M. S. Gist, Haverhill, Ky.

Secondhand furniture and a few pieces of antique for sale. Must have the room to do repairing in. Shelton, Fleet street.

Work on the Charlestown dock is practically at a standstill, while operations on the one at this station are going right along.

Builds up the system; puts pure, rich blood in the veins; makes men and women strong and healthy. Burdock Blood Bitters. At any drug store.

If Manager Drew of the local telephone exchange would conduct his school for beginners in the winter he would receive heavy praise from hundreds of users of telephones.

The New England Telephone and Telegraph company have loaded a car of poles at the creek to ship to York Harbor. They are putting in several new lines at that place.

A brick portion in back of the building of the Rockingham Light and Power company, left open for some time while self feeders and a blower were being put in, is now almost completed.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. WISSELOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, draws all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, twenty five cents a bottle.

One of nature's remedies; cannot harm the weakest constitution; never fails to cure summer complaints of young or old. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

B. F. STAPLES, D. D. S.,
Dental Office,
No. 13 PLEASANT STREET
Opposite Post Office.
HOURS—9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 5 P. M.

Cut Flowers Summer Drinks

AND
Funeral Designs

FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.

Richard E. Hannaford,
FLORIST,
Newcastle Avenue,
TELEPHONE CON.

At The Old Reliable Place,
ROBECK'S,
You can find all kinds of FRESH CAKE daily.

Always on hand. Call and see for yourself.

Ice Cream and Sherbet

is \$1.00 per gallon, wholesale.

OUR ICE CREAM

is \$1.00 per gallon, wholesale.

BALDWIN A. REICH
14 Congress Street.

Commencing July 14th.

J. W. GORMAN'S COSMOPOLITANS

High-Class Novelty Entertainers

BLACKSMITH
Horse Shoeing, Ship Work, Carriage and Too Work of All Kinds Promptly Attended To.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON
BLACKSMITH,
NO. 118 MARKET ST.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert E. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions and Coverings.

R. H. HALL
Hanover Street, Near Market.

E. S. ROSE,
COAL AND WOOD,
Will Resume Business At
No. 66 STATE STREET,
(Journal Building)
In September.

Henry Peyser & Son

Offer for the Spring Season a Complete Stock of all the New and Stylish Fabrics in MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHES.

Parents are especially invited to visit the enlarged and refitted Children's Dept.

Hammocks & Flags
Fishing Tackle
Revolvers & Cartridges
Rider & Cotton,
66 MARKET STREET.

LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.
Pres., John T. Mallon;
Vice Pres., James Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Francis Quinn.
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.
Meets at A. O. H. hall, first and last Thursday of each month.

FEDERAL UNION.
Pres., Gordon Preble;
Sec., E. W. Clark.
Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 483.
Pres., William B. Randall;
Vice Pres., Harrison O. Horr;
Rec. Sec., Miss Z. Gertrude Young;
Sec. Treas., Arthur C. Brewster;
Sergeant Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.
Meets in Peirce hall, second Saturday of each month.

PAINTERS.
Pres., William T. Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Donald A. Randall.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

COOPER'S UNION.
Pres., Stanton Truman;
Sec., John Molloy.
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 309.
Pres., John Harrington;
Sec., William Dunn.
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

HOD-CARRIERS.
Pres., E. P. Gidney;
Sec., M. J. Miller.
Meets 98 Market street, first Monday of the month.

GROCERY CLERKS.
Pres., William Harrison;
Sec., Walter Staples.
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

TEAMSTERS UNION.
Pres., John Gorman;
Sec., James D. Brooks.
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BARBERS.
Pres., John Long;
Sec., Frank Ham.
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.
Pres., John T. Mallon;
Sec., James McNaughton.
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

CARPENTERS UNION.
Pres., Frank Dennett;
Rec. Sec., John Parsons.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

LONGSHOREMEN.
Pres., Jere Coulig;
Sec., Michael Leyden.
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BOTTLERS.
Pres., Dennis E. Drislane;
Sec., Eugene Sullivan.
Meets second and fourth-Thursdays of each month at Peirce hall, High street.

BREWERY WORKERS.
Pres., Albert Adams;
Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam;
Fin. Sec., John Connell.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

BRICKLAYERS and MASONS.
Pres., Charles E. Whitehouse;
Sec., James E. Chickering.
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS UNION NO. 14.
Pres., James H. Cogan;
Fin. Sec., W. S. Wright;
Treas., Edward Amazeen.
Meet in U. V. U. hall every second Thursday of the month.

Professional Cards.
C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.
DENTAL ROOMS, 10 MARKET SQUARE
Portsmouth, N. H.

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.
84 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H.
Office Hours:
11 till 9 A. M. 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.
Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
Portsmouth, N. H.
OFFICE HOURS: 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. 4 P. M. to 10 P. M.

TERRIBLE DROWNING ACCIDENT

FOURTEEN PERSONS GO DOWN TO DEATH OFF THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

Whaleboat Filled With A Merry Crowd Of Pleasure Seekers Upset By A Sudden Squall Near Appledore Point.

Dorymen Put Off To The Rescue And Succeed In Bringing Nine Bodies To The Shore---Two Portsmouth Ladies Among The Victims.

STORY IN DETAIL.

One of the worst drowning catastrophes that ever happened in this vicinity occurred at the Isles of Shoals, on Thursday afternoon, in which fourteen young people lost their lives.

The terrible accident has cast a gloom over the two islands and their many hundreds of guests, and the whole souled Oscar Laughton is bowed down in grief. "Nothing approaching it has happened in all my fifty-seven years of experience on the islands," said he, "and I am utterly heart broken."

It was about 3:45 o'clock when a seventeen foot whaleboat manned by Skipper Fred Miles of this city put off from the Star Island float, containing a merry party of fourteen waitresses. Head waiter Henry Farrington and his assistant, W. A. Alward.

There was a stiff wind blowing from the north west and quite a choppy sea had been kicked up. The little boat scudded along under full sail with gunwales awash from the overloaded condition of the boat.

The trip around Appledore Island was made in safety and Appledore Point was being rounded for the run home when the accident occurred.

The boat was not more than a couple of hundred feet from shore when Skipper Miles cautioned the girls about shifting quickly when he came about. Just then a squall struck the craft and as she rounded into the wind and filled away on the tack a sea was shipped, the girls became frightened, and without further warning the boat capsized and all were struggling in the water.

Skipper Miles went down with the boat and when he came up, managed to grasp a floating hat-box and hung on until rescued.

The accident had been observed from the veranda of the Appledore House and the alarm was quickly given. In fact the little boat was being watched by several anxious boatmen who hailed the skipper with shouts of warning when he ran by the Appledore boat landing.

A dozen or so dories were quickly manned by the Appledore boatmen who quickly went to the rescue.

The little steamer Sam Adams was making one of her trips between the islands at the time and rounded the point right in the midst of the struggling party. Capt Allen and Engineer, Peter Peterson of the Sam Adams, were the only two aboard and they managed to steam near enough to get hold of Alward, Haggerty, whom they drew aboard to a place of safety. At this time the little steamer was dangerously close to the rocks and obliged to back away to a place of safety.

Meantime the boats from shore had arrived and each dory occupied grabbed a form as it rose to the surface and quickly rowed to the shore.

Here eager hands were waiting to assist and the unfortunate forms were laid on the rocks and the work of resuscitation commenced.

Dr. Warren, the resident physician of the island, who has spent many seasons at Appledore, and Dr. Richter of this city practiced all known means to bring back the spark of life, but without avail.

The bodies were then tenderly

placed on cots and borne to the music hall in the Appledore hotel by the same fishermen who had saved them from a watery grave only to find that they were too late.

The cable was then resorted to and news of the disaster flashed to this city. Coroner E. E. Shapleigh of Kittery and Undertaker H. W. Nickerson were notified and told that the steamer Merryconeg would come in to bring them out.

The Merryconeg arrived here about nine o'clock and left fifteen minutes later with the coroner, undertaker and several newspaper men aboard. The run to the island took about fifty minutes and the party was at once taken to the hotel.

The scene in the little music hall where many a noted artist had appeared for the edification and pleasure of the guests, beggars description. The body of Ena Adams rested on a cot in the center of the waxed floor and grouped about on cots were the bodies of her companions, who so short a number of hours before gaily boarded the little boat for an hour's enjoyment. Huddled in one corner of the room, which was dimly lighted by two gas jets and a lantern, stood the bronzed fishermen, hats in hand and with bowed heads. When they spoke, which was seldom, it was in whispers and they shook their heads when spoken to.

Up in a little room in the loft of an outbuilding, moaning on his cot, was the unfortunate Skipper Fred Miles still badly dazed but conscious of what had happened. For years he has sailed the little boats for the Messrs. Laughton and this is the first accident that has occurred to him.

Soon after the arrival of the coroner a couple of waitresses arrived from the Oceanic to identify the bodies, for up to that time it was not definitely known who had been saved and who lost. The undertaker moved the covering from the face of each body in turn and the shuddering and fearful glances gazed on the features just long enough to grasp the name. Coroner Shapleigh tagged each body as fast as identified.

After the last body had been properly identified the two waitresses were led away and Coroner Shapleigh listened to the story of how the accident occurred.

After hearing all the information which could be given him, he decided an inquest unnecessary, the drowning being accidental.

The bodies were then turned over to Undertaker Nickerson, who hastily prepared them for transportation to this city. Once more the fishermen were called upon and acting as bearers the bodies were taken aboard the Merryconeg.

It was 11:20 when the line was cast off and the boat, now headed in the direction of Portsmouth.

The trip in took just an hour and several hundred people were on the wharf when the boat landed. Nickerson's undertaking wagon and two job teams were on waiting on the wharf and the bodies were placed on them and taken to the undertaking rooms on Daniel street where they will remain until claimed by relatives today.

Oscar Laughton did everything in

THE DEAD.

Bertha Graham, 12 Essex St., Danvers, Mass.

Minnie McDonald, 800 Prospect St., Cambridgeport, Mass.

Katherine Bowes, Saxonville, Mass.

Elizabeth Bowes, Saxonville, Mass.

Mary J. Adams, 63 Marcy St., Portsmouth.

Ena M. Adams, 63 Marcy St., Portsmouth.

Anna Sheehan, 71 Auburn St., West Medford, Mass.

May Marshall, Haverhill, Mass.

Eva Marshall, Haverhill, Mass.

Bessie Chase, 14 Newhall St., Malden, Mass.

Isabel Kaouska, Cambridge, Mass.

Laura Gilmore, Exeter, N. H.

Henry Farrington, 61 Davenport St., Cambridge, Mass.

W. A. Alward, Frederickton, N. B.

Both Farrington and Alward were students at Harvard Law school, and roomed at Fairfax hall.

SAVED.

Fred Miles, 2 Hunking St., Portsmouth, the skipper.

Lillian Bresnahan.

Alice Haggerty.

BODIES RECOVERED.

Miss Graham, Miss McDonald, Misses Bowes, Misses Adams, May Marshall, Miss Gilmore, Miss Sheehan.

A whaleboat in charge of Skipper Fred Miles of this city and containing a pleasure party of sixteen young men and women employed at the Oceanic house, Star island, Isles of Shoals, was upset by a sudden squall off Appledore Point, Appledore island, about four o'clock on Thursday afternoon. All the occupants were thrown into the water and fourteen were drowned. The bodies of nine were recovered by men in dories, who put off from Appledore island. Several of the victims were still alive when taken to shore, but died despite heroic efforts to revive them. The bodies were brought to this city on the Shoals steamer Merryconeg, after Coroner E. E. Shapleigh had viewed them where they lay on Appledore. They are now in the undertaking establishment of H. W. Nickerson on Daniel street.

his power to get word to the relatives of the unfortunate dead. The cable was kept hot until early this morning in sending messages all over New England to the parents and relatives of those who were saved and of those who did not go on the ill fated trip.

Most of the drowned girls have been at the islands for several seasons in the capacity of waitresses and were well and favorably known by the patrons of Star island.

They were well educated, a number of them being school teachers, and full of life.

There were three sets of sisters in the party and to the parents and relatives of these, the blow falls doubly hard. One of the Adams girls was alive when taken ashore, but died soon after.

Alice Haggerty, who was saved by the steamer Sam Adams, appeared to be the least hurt among those rescued, and was able to walk to her room, after reaching shore.

It is known that Farrington and Alward were good swimmers and they undoubtedly lost their lives in attempting to save the lives of their

companions. Drs. Warren and Richter used hypodermic injections and an known methods of modern surgery in their efforts to resuscitate the unfortunate.

The accident was due to the overcrowded condition of the little craft, contrary to the strict regulations of the islands.

The accident has completely paralyzed the islanders and hotel guests. Skipper time went unheeded at the two hotels and although the waitresses of Appledore island were at their stations they had no work to do.

A HAPPY COMPANY.

The employees at the Oceanic every year are as lighthearted as a lot of young people as any hotel along the coast can produce, and those who now be white and still amid the somber surroundings of the undertaker's rooms were reckoned with the jolliest.

Whether it was a dance or a boat trip that was planned, these young men and women always entered into it with zest. All were very popular

with their companions and the terrible fate which befell them has overshadowed the summer colonies on Star and Appledore islands in a gloom which all the sunny days yet to come before the close of the season cannot dispel.

SHOCK STRIKES HOME.

In the death of Misses Mary J. and Ena Mabel Adams, Portsmouth has true reason to sorrow deeply. These girls were two of this city's most exemplary and popular daughters. Their father was Oliver Adams, now dead. They are survived by several brothers and sisters.

Miss Mary, 31 years old, was order clerk at the Oceanic and been connected with the house for eight seasons. The Laightons considered her one of their most valuable employees. Her sister Ena, 22 years of age, was also highly regarded.

It is a striking coincidence, attending with unusual pathos, that one of the Adams brothers, Oliver, Jr., who is a boatman at the Shoals, put off

to the rescue and took Ena's body to shore without knowing who she was until land was reached. Then he frantically strove, but in vain, to bring her to consciousness.

Another brother, Joseph, was one of the first to spring aboard the Merryconeg, and go out with her when the vessel started back to the Shoals with the coroner and undertaker.

A WELCOME TELEGRAM.

Miss Nellie Raitt of this city, who is employed at the Oceanic house as bookkeeper this season, had been invited to go out in the whaleboat, but declined. As soon as possible after the news of the disaster had reached the hotel, she sent a telegram to her parents, apprising them of her safety. They, as well as Miss Raitt's many friends, were overjoyed to learn that she was not in the ill-fated party.

HOW THE TIDINGS CAME.

The first tidings of the disaster reached this city shortly after 6 o'clock. It came in the form of a telegram to the purser of the Shoals steamer, Merryconeg, Alvin Allen, who lives on Bennett street at Christman Shore.

Purser Allen was instructed that the excursion to Star island, planned for the evening, would be cancelled.

This telegram was kept so secret that but very few people here in town had any intimation of the calamity.

Consequently, in the early evening those who were intending to go on the excursion proceeded to Appledore wharf, where the Merryconeg ties up, and waited for the boat to appear and take them aboard.

About twenty minutes before 8 o'clock, Purser Allen received another telegram, which directed him to secure a coroner from Kittery and an undertaker.

The former official was found in the person of Dr. Shapleigh of Kittery, and Undertaker H. W. Nickerson was notified.

The coroner arrived on this side of the river about half-past eight o'clock, Undertaker Nickerson immediately began preparations for the trip to the Shoals.

WHEN THE SHIP CAME IN.

The young ladies and gentlemen employed at the Oceanic house had planned to give a dance on Thursday evening, and an excursion had been advertised from this city to the Shoals. The news of the accident did not spread as rapidly as it usually does in such cases, and in consequence a good sized crowd of Portsmouth young people assembled at the wharf awaiting the arrival of the steamer Merryconeg.

The sad tidings soon became known, and the disappointed pleasure seekers still lingered about the wharf, even after Purser Allen had announced that there would be no excursion.

As the news spread about the city the crowd at the wharf gradually increased in numbers, but nearly every one seemed to be stunned by the frightful nature of the disaster. Conversation was carried on in low tones.

It was at first believed that the bodies of the victims were to be brought to the city by the steamer on this trip, and many people feared that friends or relatives might be included in the list of the dead.

The lights of the approaching steamer were first descried by those standing on the edge of the wharf. The craft presented a decidedly funereal aspect as she came up to the wharf, in startling contrast to her usual gay appearance. She carried only her three sailing lights, and the dark hull of the steamer was not seen at all until she was within a few hundred feet of the wharf. One bystander remarked in an awed voice, that she looked like a death ship.

A hush fell over the crowds as the steamer approached, the hysterical sobs of a young girl being almost the only sound.

As the boat came alongside, a member of the crew called out that there would be no excursion and added:

"Fourteen people have been drowned off Star island."

His voice, in the general stillness prevailing, produced a startling effect.

It soon became evident that the boat did not bring the bodies of the victims, and the crowd dispersed as quietly as it had assembled.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. George Perkins and Miss Matilda F. Rothwell of South street are visiting relatives in Dover.

Fred P. Cotton is seriously ill at the summer home of his parents at New Castle, suffering from rheumatic fever.

Mrs. C. W. Bryant and Miss Mary Bryant of Belmont are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Trask of South street.

Joseph Flynn, the young man who was injured a short time ago at the Boston and Maine railroad yard, is rapidly improving.

Samuel J. Cone, draughtsman in construction and repairs at the navy yard, will leave in a few days for his home in Norfolk, Va., to pass a short vacation.

George Tracy of Brookline, Mass., came to this city Saturday to pass a week with his brother, Lieut. J. Kennard Tracy U. S. M. C., at the barracks, navy yard.

AT THE OCEAN WAVE HOUSE.

Judge E. Holton, Mrs. Holton and Miss Forbes, who have been guests at the Ocean Wave house, Rye North beach, for the past seventeen seasons, arrived there on Wednesday, the 16th. Among the other arrivals were: Mrs. Walter R. Hensley, two children and maid, and Miss Mary Draney of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Willis J. Knollton and child, Orange, N. J. Mrs. J. E. Knollton, Malden, Miss Margaret Mann, Champaign, Ill. Miss Alma Mann, Indianapolis, Ind., Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Henrywood Worcester, Mrs. E. C. Reynolds, Boston, Miss Dora M. Reynolds, Haverhill.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Mrs. George D. Marcy entertained about forty of her friends at a whist party, in honor of her birthday, at the Tower cottage, the summer home of her parents' Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott Smith, at Foss beach, on Thursday. Ladies from this city and from Kittery were included in the party. Mrs. Marcy and her guests went to the beach on the two thirty-five car on Thursday afternoon and returned to this city about seven o'clock.